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1989

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THE WRITER

I'm never more the master
of nothing than when dancing
on paper some crazy dance.
I love it. God I do so
love the steps of Your madness.

Alfred Cahen

carroll quarterly

1989

The CARROLL QUARTERLY is a literary magazine produced by an undergraduate staff. Submissions should follow conventional manuscript form, and include a short biographical note. Address all correspondence to:

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contents

Portrait of a Lady	FC	Jennifer A. Waters
The Writer	IC	Alfred Cahen
Sea Gifts	4	James W. Garret
7:00 A.M.	5	Patrick Ferencz
Untitled	6	Jeanne Poduska
The Inescapable	7	Michael Cocchiarale
Untitled	13	Elizabeth Crowley
Untitled	14	Patrick Ferencz
Huntington Breakwater	15	George Kanieski
Memoirs of...	16	Bernard Chapin
Untitled	18	Matt McCurdy
Grade School Snapshot:		
Wilma	19	David M. LaGuardia
The Day They Caught		
Dawid Matys	20	Lorraine Macaskill
The Poplars	22	James R. Pipik
(St. Thomas)	23	Jeanne Poduska
Equinox	24	George Kanieski
Jack-in-the-Pulpit	25	Katherine King
Reminder	26	Alfred Cahen
Blind Date	27	Patrick Ferencz
Do-Nothing	28	Katherine King
Linears of a Dream	29	Bernard Chapin
Horse Hair and Cat-Gut,		
Tempo and Schmaltz	30	George Kanieski
the woman who never loved	33	Jeanne Poduska
Untitled	34	Julieann M. Ende
Remnants on the Beach	35	Linda C. Ehrlich

Widower	36	David M. LaGuardia
The Wounded	37	Linda C. Ehrlich
Ode to a Quarter Pound of Head Cheese	38	Michael Cocchiarale
Doppelgänger	39	Sally Joranko
In the Swing-Radiant Darkness of Your Dark-Fired Texts	40	James Magner, Jr.
Untitled	41	Elizabeth Crowley
White Lightning	42	George Kanieski
The Last...Absolutely the Last...of the Red Hot Lovers	43	Helen Barna
Untitled	48	Elizabeth Crowley
november	49	Patrick Ferencz
The Bovine Revolution	50	Jeanne Poduska
<u>Calder's Mobile</u>	52	Linda C. Ehrlich
Night Harbor	53	Linda C. Ehrlich
The Blue Sky	54	James R. Pipik

SEA GIFTS

(For my grandmother)

The good must go, the tides tell them,
when in 1943 my grandmother and her sons
walk a ragged Jersey shoreline's edge
the morning after blue flashes
lit the night sky twenty miles out.

They see
a boot upright in sand,
find a sailor cap in seaweed,
and return home.

The good must go, the tides tell us,
as waves slip onto California sand
beyond the warehouse we called her home
for the five years of her imbecility.

The good must go, the orderly recites,
stripping the bed where she slept,
balling the sheets to incinerate
all she knew in the last months
of losing weight, biting, spitting
and drifting on a dark sea.

The good must go, she tells us,
when she walks with grandchildren
up and down the beach
and leads us home to parents
with handfuls, shirtfuls, dressfuls
of unbroken shells, fan shells, letter-openers,
polished stone and smooth glass,
even starfish and a seahorse.
We can't keep them all, can we? she reminds.
And some shells fall in heaps,
never to make it to the shelves,
and some, whole fan shells with pinpoint holes,
that evening become a necklace she wears all summer.

James W. Garrett

7:00 A.M.

Perched on the edge of the nightstand,
the alarm clock — with pots and pans
stolen from the kitchen minutes before —
strikes a diver's pose. At the sound
of the starting gun, it jumps, rattling,
onto my bed — cookery clammering and
clinking in a rousing cacophony.

I jump.

The shades fly up in the confusion
allowing the sunlight to assault my room.
Squinting to recognize my surroundings,
I hear the neighborhood dogs
barking in chorus.

In a minute,
the only sound left will be the clock
smashing against the wall.

Patrick Ferencz

it has to do with Fall
carrying to the Art Museum (it was so very far away)
that stretch of treed hill down Mayfield Road
and the atrium court was a dream
going to pick up Betsy — Dad and I
always that bare time of school year
thin afternoon light
a dim abovetable lamp in the kitchen on
quiet Sunday afternoons waiting for leftovers
and downstairs a sporting event with Dad
I watched my big sister draw
often flowers or Tubby the Toothpaste man
one exception of summer — a drawing in
Chicago of Grandma/Grandpa's house in bright sun
we sat on the sidewalk
left in the basement amidst old school journals
and assorted other pasttimes —
pastels and canvases and what must be
cracky and dried paints
I see you still taller than myself
older wiser gentler
trying to break barriers of me
an image never lost
where now the security of growing up
being not grown
is it an injustice for me to question
the absence of creation in your life
my judgment of complacency
as second sister did I take the daring
that people now think of me & ee (cummings)
Russian novelists and All the King's Men
(that long long ride down an asphalt road
was a sleeping balm for years)
or are you what you wish
those times of colour and thought for thought itself
behind you as you choose
this is my longing
will you paint for me — a small picture draw

Jeanne Poduska

THE INESCAPABLE

by

Michael Cocchiarale

I'll go there soon — tomorrow maybe, or Saturday, when visiting hours are a little longer — and see Lilly again, sit across from those dark, anxious eyes and squirming fingers, and listen to her gossip, her complaints, and her questions with the near-silent callousness that comes from repeated visits, all of which are hopelessly identical.

Yes, I'll go there — on Saturday — and we'll sit in that awful lounge again, the one with the cheap oil landscapes decorating the walls, giving the viewer a false sense of the normal. I'll sit across from Lilly and watch her eat the candy bar or drink the Pepsi I always bring her and wonder at the slow, subtle disease that turned her (or somehow turned my perception of her) from a someone to be loved into a something to be looked at.

I'll go and sit there again, and look at Lilly, and this, inevitably, is what will happen:

She will talk about who escaped this week: Mr. Morton, suffering from attacks of unmitigated mania; Sammy, the schizophrenic, convinced his daily medicine is a slow poison; Ellen, a young woman physically desirable but cursed and weakened by another soul inside her, battling for authority; or any of the countless others, similarly afflicted. Lilly will tell me how this patient or that scaled the tall courtyard fence right under the staff's noses. For Lilly, this escape will be an exciting event and relief from many more solemn happenings.

She'll tell me about other things as well and I'll half listen to her and half think about my interview with the doctor last weekend: how he sat back in his cracked leather chair clicking his teeth with a ball-point pen; how after taking a preliminary spin in that chair toward the window and back again, he said he had some regrettable news; how he told me plainly that my sister had tried to kill herself by breaking the perfume bottle I had recently given her and thrusting the jagged pieces into her wrists; and how, unfortunately, yet understandably, he had no choice but to take away all her privileges until she showed some signs of more reliable behavior.

Lilly will bitch about this punishment, saying how she hates being treated like a goddamn twelve year old. She'll mention another patient, an acquaintance, who is home with her husband on a twenty-four hour pass and that will make her even more bitter.

The lounge will not be empty long. Annie will come in with that gaunt, spot-sprinkled old man, her boyfriend. Annie will still be pregnant, and the way she'll jerk her body around in an effort to enhance her communication will make me *feel* for the unborn child's safety. Her old boyfriend will rush up to me, shake my hand, and start talking about the Cleveland Browns. I'll talk to be polite, criticizing the team's running game. He will nod profoundly and agree that yes it is a problem. We need a good quick back like Dickerson who can make things happen, he'll say. This conversation will be abruptly halted by Annie's saying, you know if you loved me, you'd take me out of here and marry me right now you idiot. The old boyfriend will say I do love you, I really do, and I, looking down, will ignore everything around me for a few brief moments.

Green will come in to the lounge with his somber, timid parents who will sit quietly on either side of him and hold his hands. Green, a young man of no more than twenty-five will look at his parents with a complete lack of expression. They, in return, will smile at him or squeeze his hand a bit or say oh darling we love you.

When I see this Green, I'll think back to the time several months ago when I saw him with his nose flattened against the locked glass door behind which patients wait for their visitors. I'll remember him there as I came in that day, as he stared at me and tapped upon the glass waving with a furious joy. I'll remember trying to understand him at that moment — trying to think, to see, to hear, to feel how he does — and not, inevitably, being able to do it.

Patients I've never seen before and their visitors will come into the lounge, and I'll be introduced to them. Nervous with the growing crowd, I'll find myself looking to the room's only window for some kind of escape, but I'll find I'm just looking out into the institution's courtyard and at the tall, ominously dark fence.

Lilly will tell everyone how she tried to kill herself and proudly display

the hideous scars along her wrists. Annie, while her old boyfriend caresses her belly, will ask how she tried it, what she used, or just laugh and say God anything is better than this mudhole sometimes.

Lilly will complain about losing her privileges and one of the new patients will mention the upcoming trip to the Natural History Museum. This will generate some excitement, but Lilly, severely frowning, will say to hell with that, I'm not in kindergarten. Annie will thrust her hands out toward Lilly in an awkward expression of consolation, saying if you're good the next few weeks, you'll be allowed to go too, but her voice will be heavy with sarcasm.

Lilly will ask about the house, and I will tell her it is fine. That question, simple although queer, will start me thinking about the house and its echo, its hugeness, the despair of its empty rooms, the intentional, exaggerated, self-pitying clip-clop of my mother's heels down and up the bare wooden stairs, the silence when she's sleeping and I'm sitting up in bed with the light off staring into the darkness, trying to see things that fail to present themselves clearly during the day.

Lilly will ask about mother: how's she doing? Does she still hate me? I'll say she doesn't hate you, what are you talking about? and she'll just sit there in silence, letting me observe her squirming fingers and anxious eyes. I'll know she'll be thinking if she doesn't hate me, why isn't she here right now, why isn't she ever here, why doesn't she call or write or send along her love? Thinking again, I'll acknowledge, to myself, although Lilly will detect the truth in the slight aversion of my eyes from hers, that her mother does in fact hate her very much. I won't know, however, what to say or do about it.

I'll suddenly find myself thinking about my own problems — about my job and that goddamn inventory. How could we be short 200,000 dollars? As if knowing what I'm thinking about, Lilly will ask me how is work? and I'll tell her good or same old thing, thinking all the while of those gigantic numbers, the tremendous, inexplicable loss. So absorbed, I'll miss what Lilly has to say for the next five minutes. I'll be thinking about Monday afternoon or Tuesday, or some time soon after when the axe falls and my head is inevitably under it.

Green will have a fit about this time. He will clench his hands together with such blind ferocity that his fingers will turn white. In a panic, his father will step into the hall to call for a nurse who will probably be on her way down to check on everybody anyway.

The nurse will be Miss Eveston, a thoroughly big woman in her late forties, cursed with a solid, unfriendly stare that nearly negates the effect of her kind, almost motherly tone she uses when dealing with patients and visitors alike. Miss Eveston will escort Green and his nervous parents from the lounge, patting the patient gently on the back on the head in an effort to calm him down.

Lilly will take another drink of Pepsi and I will look at her again, each moment of silent observation convincing me more of her foreignness, and, even more, her total lack of personhood. She will seem to me a thing automated and not a living, breathing woman and my sister.

Lilly will say suddenly that a daughter can't live without a mother's love and that will make me think back to the time when Lilly was a human being to me, to a time when I loved her very much, to the time not long after the accident or tragedy or whatever it was, to shortly after that event and the search and discovery and the funeral when she came upon me while I was walking home from work one day and begged me, with trembling eyes and lips, to listen to what happened: how she and dad were travelling west on I-90 late one night (he was driving her from Ithaca, New York, where she attended school) when something jarred the car, causing it to slide around on dark slippery road; how dad gained control of the car and slowed down and she wondered what that was and he said he thought it was a deer and thank God they were alright; how she asked if the deer was hurt and he said I don't know I think so and she said it must be suffering and he said should we go back and check?; how she cried and said oh yes daddy please could you; how he drove in reverse along the shoulder for a quarter mile and got out into the chilly night, poked his head back into the car and said, surprised, the car's more banged up than I thought; how that made her cry even more; how he said he'd take a look around but that he thought the deer was probably just stunned and that he had picked himself up and ducked back into the woods; how he said that with a smile to calm her down; how he closed the door and stepped off the road, shining his pocket flashlight onto the ground and into the trees; how he plunged foot after foot into the deepening snow below the shoulder and disappeared; how she waited and waited and finally she called out but there was no answer, no sound; and how a state trooper passed, slowed, and came back; and how everything was her fault but it was an accident too and she was so sorry.

Lilly will be talking with Miss Eveston by the time I recover from this reverie. She will be asking the nurse to check on her privileges because she would really enjoy a half-day pass so she could do some shopping.

I'll want to get the hell out of the horrible place, but I'll look at the clock and it will only be twenty to four and something will make me feel obligated to stay the full hour. I'll think for a moment that Jesus this is my sister, I have to stay with her, but in a moment I'll feel again like I'm surrounded by a bunch of things, my sister included, and that none of them are real and that maybe I'm not as sane as I thought I was.

Lilly will say that Derrick called earlier in the morning and that is why she is feeling unusually low. I'll say that's a good reason and she'll smile a little bit — a weak shadow of a smile like a dying person makes at the point

of death. As a silence develops between us, I'll think about Lilly's troubled three-year marriage: how it had been a few years since she moved away and dropped out of college; how she got herself involved in selling storm windows over the phone; how she and a friendly customer struck up a pleasant conversation one day; how she met this customer and married him two months later; how Lilly called to tell me she was so happy; how she called me again the following month to say how she was so miserable; how Derrick raged and often smacked her in the head because she was always so nervous, always, always so concerned about her past and crying in bed at night because her mother didn't love her; how Derrick got fed up with her one night and threw a kitchen chair at her; how she broke into hysterical crying and he punched a wall, stomped by her and out the door and disappeared.

She'll say that Derrick wants to get back together and straighten both of their lives out and she'll think seriously about it and ask me what I think. I'll say nothing, but it won't matter because I'll see she is staring at the floor, obviously lost in some moment in the past.

Miss Eveston will come back. She'll say that Lilly only has cafeteria privileges, which means, at least, that she is allowed to eat. The nurse will apologize as if it's her fault, and she'll mention the trip to the Natural History Museum at the end of the month, and that, barring any unfortunate occurrences, she should have full privileges by that time. Miss Eveston will leave and Lilly will curse her, making jokes about her weight, and Annie, who will rise abruptly, will offer a sympathetic tough luck and stroll out of the lounge with the old man on her arm.

We will eventually be alone and Lilly will bring up mother again and ask why does she hate me? She'll tell me again how as the two of them, mother and daughter, stood over father's grave and tossed handfuls of dirt onto the casket, mother whispered, with strands of hair blown across her face and mascara running down her face; how Lilly didn't hear or understand, so her mother said it again — you bitch; and how Lilly stood there and, in a single moment, felt severed completely from the lifelong intimacy she had shared with the woman beside her.

She'll bring up that incident again so she can cry and say how it was her fault for making dad go back and check on the deer, but it was an accident too because she didn't know that in the darkness he would tumble off the edge of a cliff and land twenty-five feet later on the frozen ground below. She'll say she had to run away and quit school because, after all, she must be punished, being responsible for her father's death as her mother told her over and over again. She'll cry and say she deserves to be dead even though it was an accident too, Tommy do you realize that?

My worries about work will rush into my head and I'll feel trapped and sinking. I'll feel like running out on Lilly, this weak thing of a sister, run-

ning, running, running back to the store to beg the manager not to fire me, telling him I'll make good you'll see. I'll feel like straightening out my life and forgetting completely about Lilly. I'll feel like thinking about a woman, a woman I can spend my life with because I'm not getting any younger.

Annie will come back in, jolting her unborn child with her violent stride, dragging her wrinkled beau behind her, and will say that Mr. Morton or Sammy or whoever Lilly will tell me escaped that morning, returned and was standing at the door, making faces at patients who were making, in turn, faces at him, when a nurse came by and saw him and pulled him in. Annie will say no surprise he came back. There's nothing much to do out there except go to the donut shop and who can spend more than a few hours in a donut shop?

Visiting hours will be over but I'll stay for a few extra minutes with Lilly. We'll sit in silence and I'll try to figure out what compels me to come back week after week to visit if she is nothing but a thing to me. As we rise to leave, I'll want to embrace her or touch her hand or smile or do something, but I will do nothing but say goodbye and I'll be back next week.

Driving home in my car, gripping the wheel with a hand that is still raw from the long, cold walk to the parking lot, I'll find myself thinking of Green and his sudden tapping and waving; of Annie and her unborn child, jerked around already by the waiting world; of my sister and my lost feeling for her; and of this week and the next . . . and the next week after that . . .



I poked the Q-tip in too far
triggering the gag reflex
in my ear. Parts of my brain
began spilling out into the sink.
Queasy, I noticed the ineffectual
knowledge in my diet as it
whirlpooled down the drain.

Patrick Ferencz

HUNTINGTON BREAKWATER

In the full of summer light,
With feet poised on algaed rocks,
I stand atop Huntington breakwater
And cast my reeling thoughts
Upon a churning northern lake.

Wave upon wave gather, cresting
Toward the dredging lull, and I recall
Reading of a famous youth
At the Dardanelles drowning in his desire
With her arms about him in the foam.

The boulder wall where I make this peace
Bears the scrawl and grind of time:
Time that dropped me, likewise, from a cradle,
Gurgling into a man's shoes,
To look back now on fading sandy prints,

Marking the path that drew me here
With my life on a gale-edge in noontime sun.
I know my vows are inland, waiting,
While the flood quickens with my love
And waters threaten to break our shore.

I have longed to fathom this wave that rises,
That slowly bouys a womb in subaqueous tides,
To chart where in the riding we might drift;
For I have hoped to find concrete become alabaster,
Bottle fragments turned emerald by the waves,

And I long to hear a child's destiny in the roar,
Who mounts his dreams in the sand.

George Kanieski

MEMOIRS OF . . .

I was sitting in a courtyard
with a bunch of turkeys throating romance about me
and this guy comes up and starts talking
about these guys he knows
who get together and drink marijuana
— least that's what he told me —
with every sip they get greener and greener
and happier and happier till their lives burst with joy
At this he put out his cigarette
and asked me if I wanted in on this new discovery
but I was too moral so I said
"This courtyard's too earthy for you."
He looked at me and held his hands to heaven
claiming he wasn't married to the idea
and then spoke a wasp of stuff
that kinda meant he wanted to stay
so he made a seat out of grass
and hummed "God Save America"
Then he asked me if I like religious propaganda
to which I replied that I liked it more than Lyndon Larouche
so he told me about a row boat he bought
named the "Burning Bush"
Minutes later he looked jolted and screamed
that it was time to march to chapel
as he chewed some tablets
Except I didn't want to go
so he slept on the plants for twenty minutes
whispering of the devil's toenails
being brought to the Smithsonian
Then this girl appeared announcing wifedom
as she jumped on his lap
while asking me if she could have my coat
so she could incubate
Well that ground was cold but I got hotter
as she swayed upon the hearth of that guy
then she proclaimed that Jesus would arrive
and thank me for the coat
but gradually she floated away

I was left alone with this — sort-of — preacher
who was by then very tired
yet managed to ask if I wanted
to join this bungalow of his
He said that they were a form of club
like the Elks
only their hobby was revolving around him
I said no because I had to see this dentist
my mom knew who didn't appreciate my brushing habits
He realized it would be impossible for me to miss such an event
so he said he would go
but he slept some more anyway
Finally he got up saying that the rest
would give him alot of power later on
Then he blessed me with five fingers and trounced away
I tried getting some sleep
but my teeth were nervous
so I watched the turkeys argue with each other for a while.

Bernard Chapin



GRADE SCHOOL SNAPSHOT: WILMA

Pittsburgh, Pa. Nineteen-fifty-five.
She let Ron Smoker
take down her pants
in the woods off Fairland Street,
she eleven, he twelve.
Too much girl to talk to then,
to know in any other way
except by this image, ever the same,
thumb-polished through years,
undressed under bright green leaves.

I was not there.
I only coveted.
Smoker might have lied.

I wonder where she walks at forty-four,
upon whose arm she leans into winter,
what thoughts boys conjure
who whistle for her daughter
outside a window.

I dress her after thirty-three years;
it is late to say
I never knew her at all,
to apologize.

David M. LaGuardia

THE DAY THEY CAUGHT DAWID MATYS

by

Loraine Macaskill

It began with Dawid Matys caught: huddled behind the bars of the police pick-up truck. *Black Maria*. Or did it begin with the children at the hostel talking about him? They were farm children, children of farmers, and we all boarded during the week at Mr. and Mrs. Nel's hostel, across from the school grounds.

Life at the hostel arranges itself according to the patterned groves along which familiarity runs: school all day, and play in the afternoons. The boys would work on their model farms, molding husbandry out of mud and sticks; we girls would watch, or play wolf and lamb games. Dinner at night was a sombre affair — adults perched like vultures along the length of the large table almost spanning the width of the room. At this table, in the centre, Mr. Nel would preside, interrupting conversation with his peers by swooping, napkin in hand (to or from mouth) this side and then that, checking on the children seated at the two tables running side by side vertically down the remaining portion of the room. Biblical scene, as seen by da Vinci. After supper: the reading, and then prayers. Taking the Great Book from where it rested on the side cabinet in the dining hall, Mr. Nel would read to us for half an hour; Peter's betrayal of Christ perhaps. Maybe it was his favorite. With each betrayal Mr. Nel's back would grow more weary, his arm more didactic. Closer he would swoop to the ground, and we children would watch entranced, storing the gesticulations to re-enact them in our own little plays afterwards.

The children had spoken about Dawid Matys all week. Martje and her big sister, Nelmarie, daughters of the van Aswegans. And Kobus and Charles, older boys sunburnt from helping their fathers on the lands. And Elize, or Liessie as we used to call her. Dawid Matys had visited them all, all their farms, and at night, after supper and the prayer reading, we would gather in the dormitory, where they would tell how he had broken into their homes while they slept, how he had carried off their things.

As we figured it, there seemed to be a definite plan to his manoeuvres; a route, bringing him closer and closer to our own double-homesteaded farm. Dawid Matys had grown careless at the van Aswegans'. Setting off the dogs, he had almost been captured. By now a strategy had been conceived, a contingency for that night on which one would awake with Dawid Matys standing beside the bed. Pepper, it was decided, would be the best to throw into the villain's eyes. At night, over the week-ends, we would all sleep with a tub of pepper beside our beds.

The inevitable night came when the dreaded Matys worked his way into our terrain, crossed the boundaries, violated the margins whose white spaces ensure (or do they?) order, control and limits. The permeable line between myth and history. It was not the pepper, however, that brought him down, but the seven dogs who chased him up one of the posts. With some of his fabled adeptness he did manage to escape before the police reached the farm, and there followed a manhunt that ended the next afternoon, or perhaps the Sunday.

We'd done it again; that is, shown our superiority in the district, and the policemen parked the van under the hot sun of the homestead, while they went inside the house for cups of tea. People from the neighbouring farms came over for a look at Dawid Matys, eventually also for tea, and we children sampled on our fingertips the fine dust from the inner rims of the hot wheels subtending parked cars. The idea was to see who could appreciate it the most. Then we fell on the packet of sweets that the policeman or one of the parents had brought for us. It was perhaps a great many sweets later that my sister and I remembered the cause of our triumph, and I went curiously forward with what remained of the packet to the van from which we had hitherto kept an unconscious distance. Or were we actually guarding it, lest he should escape again?

There he was, a caged brown man. I climbed up the bars and sat on top of the van, despite the dire predictions that floated up from horrified children below. Underneath me was Dawid Matys, to whom I offered a sweet. Then another. Then another. No rooster crowed, though come to think of it there might have been a hen scratching for ticks in the loose dust down below, clucking quietly.

They took him away. Our lives continued as usual. More caged brown men were taken away, more savvy families waxed triumphant. But I always remembered Dawid Matys. I remembered his greeting and his sensuous enjoyment of my candies. I can't quite explain how I felt that day. The rest of the world went spinning by, ephemeral dust; dead in the centre, eye of the storm, was me and Dawid Matys, our hands reaching across the bars. All I lacked was a key to set him free.

THE POPLARS

The poplars rattle in the wind,
shimmering in the rising sun.
A storm is coming.

Science knows why poplars tremble
and, yes, it often means a storm
is approaching.

The green leaves spin under pressure
and the pale undersides ripple
bright across the trees.

Quaking poplars, green and silver,
dance to barometric rhythms.
No mystic omens

or harbingers from watchful gods
or apocalyptic visions
are necessary.

When I see that brilliant trembling
I remember that the Spanish term
for "the poplars" is

los alamos.

James R. Pipik

(St. Thomas)

*you know this doubt of mine
having needed yourself
to poke fingers in holy
flesh recoiled
to make whole
what was removed from this realm
understanding nothing of faith
I am not so lucky
to be even shamed
by the need recognized
a look could cleanse me
I would gladly take the pain
of His terrible sad eyes on me
you who know Him
knew Him then
and doubted
myself no better
though no miracle will forgive me
I will have no chance to
touch scabs and watch a vision
to appear and leave
the necessity of believing in you
believing in Him
not trusting myself to trust God*

Jeanne Poduska

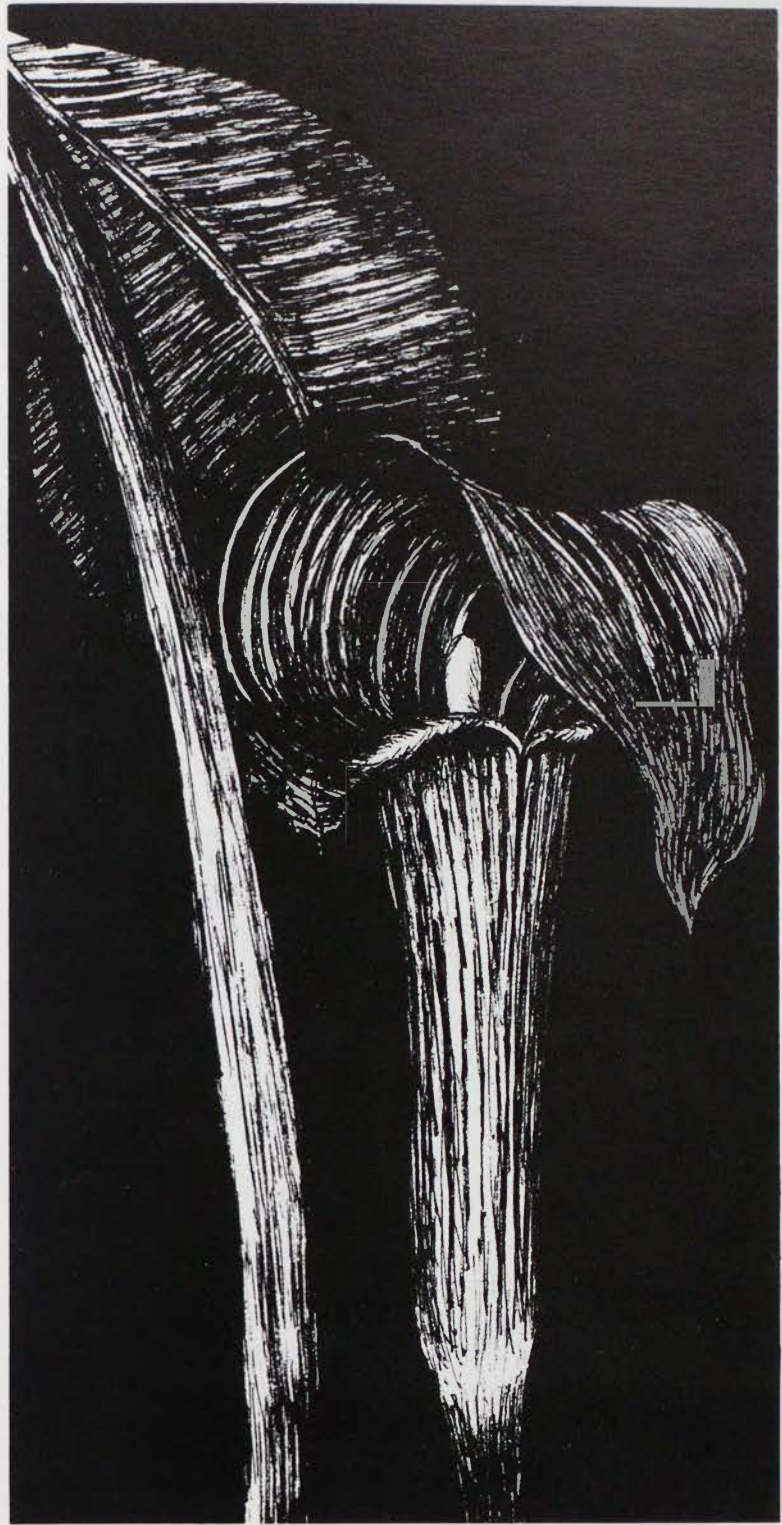
EQUINOX

In the twilight, raging cold
The harvest mother wears bridal white,
But the warmth has passed;
She is wedded now
To the winter moon
And newly-fallen snow.
Her spindled forests reach
Toward greyness of heaven withdrawn;
While swarming flakes sting
Limbs once verdant and new,
Mounds of ice-winged flies
Bury the spring child unborn.

Yet warmth does return,
Although change has furrowed the land,
Although strange, silken seeds wait
To sprout the spread, viscid clay;
A thaw swells rivulets, cracks
Ice shells, releases frozen bubbles again;
Something quickens within
An unreal, amniotic world:
Steaming ground and green tubes
Weave humus and world together
In life, in chorus to cry
The cycle of eternal consummation;

The child in the weeds blooms anew.

George Kanieski



REMINDER

The hooked moon lies
on the peak of the gambrel
roof, cradling
my cold bones.

It is late,
but we are too old
to sleep. I rise
and stretch

the silky chill
of my self
to a new height.
I admire it

but cannot hold
it. Still we don't
give up. We are always
poets at midnight.

Alfred Cahen

BLIND DATE

She clung to the table
like a hinge, or someone
hanging from a cliff.
The chair she sat on dropped her
in school-boy mockery.
The air around her gasped, then sighed
in beer bubbles.

Oscillating at acute angles,
she placed herself before a
sturdy stool testing it
first for defects.

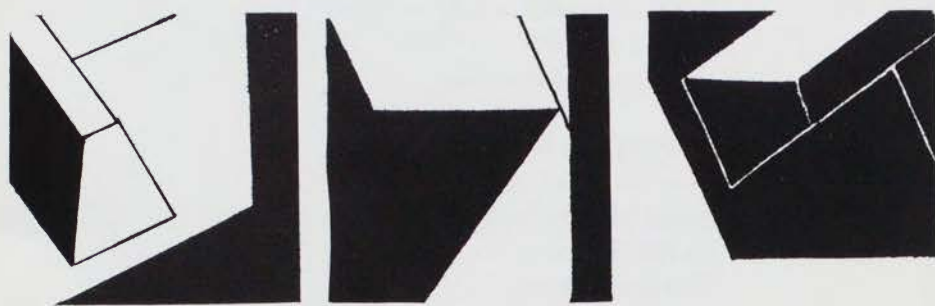
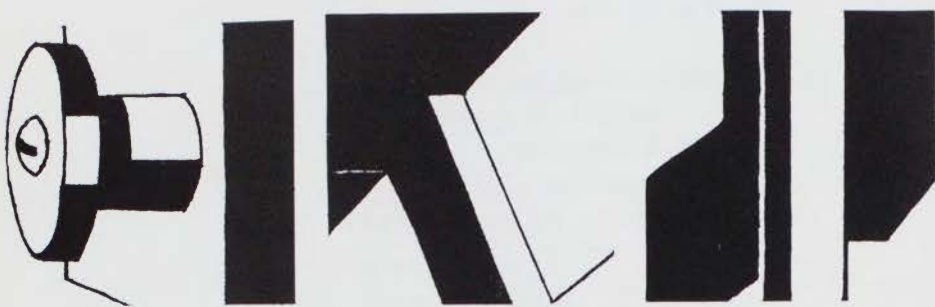
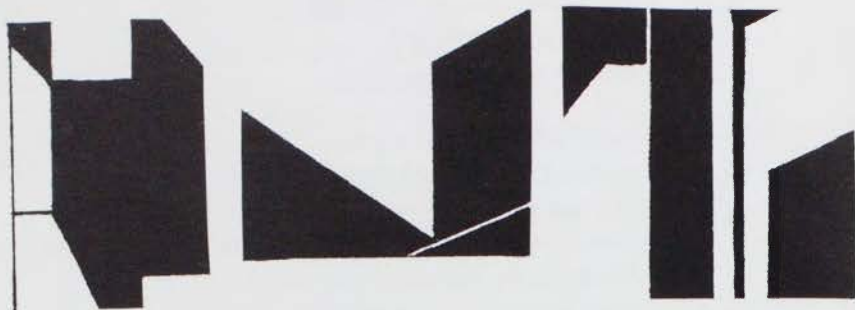
Satisfied — she plopped;
somewhere in her babbling blather
she belched for another,
then smoothed down her misbehaved hair.
Noticing my awkward glance, she
fired a stooping one back.
I let her win.

We stumbled out of the saloon
and slipped into the Chevy
before it moved.
Her eyes resembled a road map,
and around the corner I got lost
so I studied her Atlas.

At the door, there was no goodnight kiss,
her thick lipstick would've looked
tattooed on me.
Just an aborted pause.

Nothing was better said
than the look I stole from her
at the bar, and politely returned
on her doorstep.
This time I won.

Patrick Ferencz



LINEARS OF A DREAM

"I don't know how far love grows
by the simple yearning for a yellow rose"

Under the mainframe
within the guise of a train station
a row of shops exists — endless to me
after driving through cadillac suburbs
to float past stairs into the surreal

I see you in familiarity
and approach with bravery never found
Quick span of twenty seconds
to accomplish what a year could not
Acting with instinct
as only vision or whiskey perfects
I hold your arm
and we see no others
as stores fold by
the lights grow stronger
you never look at me
and it is enough

A forties piano wept
— this time melodically
With Gainsborough's oils
titanium blue becomes your eyes
earthen green colors emotion
It is human and it is enough

After maple doors
and a cupful of witnesses
We stop at the Swan
an old hotel intersection
between class and rogue
You say nothing
and when I awoke you were nothing.

Bernard Chapin

HORSE HAIR AND CAT-GUT, TEMPO AND SCHMALTZ

by
George Kanieski

Mrs. Lisa Morgan had taken a fill-in position at Seven Hills Elementary School as an instrumental music teacher. One reason included income supplementation for her and her recently avowed husband. Another reason involved a subdued interest in teaching. And the most important reason of all was the complete absence of anything else to do with her music degree from Baldwin-Wallace College. Several practice sessions with the seventeen-member string, brass, and wind ensemble of bright-eyed yet intractable fourth through sixth graders, piecing together X-mas carols for the school's Holiday Music Festival, had finally pushed her portion of feminine reserve over the top of the music stand. She cut the group off between a few muddled bars, uncannily and unintentionally reminiscent of a 12-tone modernist harp concerto. Mrs. Morgan waved her baton like a Grecian warrior at Thermopylae and screeched "This song is called 'Angels We Have Heard on High' — you can't play it like a bunch of Russian peasants trudging through a foot of slush in over-sized galoshes!"

Of course, such an outburst fell with only a dull thud upon youngsters who had instrument position, intonation, dynamics, and key signatures — besides tempo — to decipher and weave into their playing; but at least one student, little Tommy Davis, heard. And he tried to appreciate the necessity of tempo and timing with respect to his nebulous position towards the rear of the second violin section. And he was constantly reminded to "push ahead" and "keep on the beat," especially in his early morning runs for the school bus with the oblong suitcase of sticks and wire-wound, cat-gut strings in hand; he had to keep the tempo up even if it meant sprinting and finding his bow rosin in sticky crumbs at rehearsal later that day. And years later it was a call to action that continued at Normandy High School after class. Tommy had to run after the eighth period bell to get his violin from the music room, which was *invariably* locked — all the music teachers taught elsewhere in the afternoon. He had to run to find someone with a key, someone who was *never* to be found until just before the bus was ready to leave, snatch up the suitcase, tear down the bustling hallways to the bus loop (at the other end of the building!) with the bundle of sticks swaying with madman bounds at every turn. He had to run and jump on the bus just as the doors scissored shut behind him and sit down on the corner of an already filled seat or sit down next to the fat girl with the Dalmation eyes whom nobody ever talked to. And Tommy would sit in the straight-back metal seat with his violin case propped up between his legs and his jacket steaming like a cross-country runner's after District Semi-Finals.

After a few instances of bad timing, less than agile maneuvers in the halls, and missed buses, Tommy began shoving his violin case upright on top of some books in his hall locker along with his jacket and lunch bag. Still the absolute necessity for timing and agility haunted him. Often in switching books between classes or scrambling for a misplaced homework assignment, he forgot about the violin, dialed his combination, flung open the door, and discovered the clumsy suitcase swinging out like an upside down pendulum arm and nearly pegging him in the crotch. As some nearby students snickered, he had to run back to class after heaving the diabolical pendulum back into its cage.

But all this was only prep-work for the real heat of the stage. Everyone had to wear the musty orchestra tuxedos that looked Salvation Army quality — the tuxedos that exhaled venomous fumes when the tension was on. And before all this you had to do a few practice scales to “warm up” as it was called — like you needed it! If your fingers were really rusty, a can of WD-40 would do more than all the scale passages in the world (the adrenalin would have you fixed soon enough). Tommy had always figured they were called warm-ups because the practice rooms were always so cold (it was the Russian peasant stuff with a different twist).

Rehearsals resembled a serenade in a bomb shelter. The school usually cut funding to the music programs first in a fiscal crunch; the school instruments were dented and scratched from years of carting between home and school, the music stands were bent and banged up, and the chairs wobbled. Here the kids would play over bar after bar of the three or four pieces scheduled for the next concert. They would struggle to find the mystic union of the conductor's expectations and their ability in a type of exercise of Zen or ESP.

But the audience could never know, never guess the hours, screeches, false starts, kick-marked music stands: all that went into the half-hour culmination for beaming parents, school administrators, faculty, and the leisurely suburban community at-large. Tommy had spent hours of his own just gearing up to meet the swoop of the baton to the downbeat with a firm crunch of his bow on the string as the piece lurched forward. Fire, zest, and zeal all combined in a calculated grace — like a runner's natural style in a 5-K race — that said to the audience “Yeah, we do this all the time. E-harmonic, fifth position? No problem.” As fingers slid up cheese-grater fingerboards, stretched with tense strings, and lips kissed mouth-pieces blue. Even if you didn't know what was going on, you had to fake it or cover it up with schmaltz or vibrato if you were out of tune. The moment of glory couldn't be wimpy. Play the note with conviction, even if you stick both feet into a rest. The audience didn't know; they'd never find out: they'd think it was a solo, and you'd be all right as long as the conductor didn't sarcastically ask you to take a bow at the end.

Conductors, however, weren't immune either. Tommy recalled Mr. Cutler's infamous cue for the brass section during "Farandole" the year before. The cue was the meeting of left-hand index finger and baton tip on the upbeat — right before a fanfare section. And of all the dozen times Cutler had done it, the performance had to be the night he stabbed his finger with too hard a thrust of the white wooden stick. And he actually drew blood! — but he couldn't even pretend to notice or show alarm. *The audience could not know*, even if it meant slinging the woodwind section crimson for ten minutes.

Nobody was immune. A broken string, a clumsy page turn, a missed cue — all were routine; all required stamina to do things you or your fingers never dreamed. Still, being a violinist had its particular advantages, such as serenading people, when Tommy could break away from the lousy second violin section of the lumbering orchestra at the madrigal dinner, when the cafeteria was all done up Olde English style — and everyone wore costumes — and all the mothers and fathers let their Cornish hens get cold to listen. And sometimes even carrying the oblong, gamboling suitcase had its advantages. It was an emblem, after all, a license to sin that could slip you past the poker-faced hall monitors on to some supposed string quartet rehearsal, while the kid with the jeans jacket (Led Zeppelin logo optional) and no hall pass would get sent to his Unit Office. And Tommy could roam the halls this way for almost a whole period; the old lady hall monitors would even smile as he went by! Nobody could tell Tommy only played "second fiddle"; he could just as well have been Jascha Heifetz or Fritz Kreisler: it was all a matter of what he let them see — another performance, and Tommy had practiced tuning that image with every formatta, arpeggio, and sforzando.

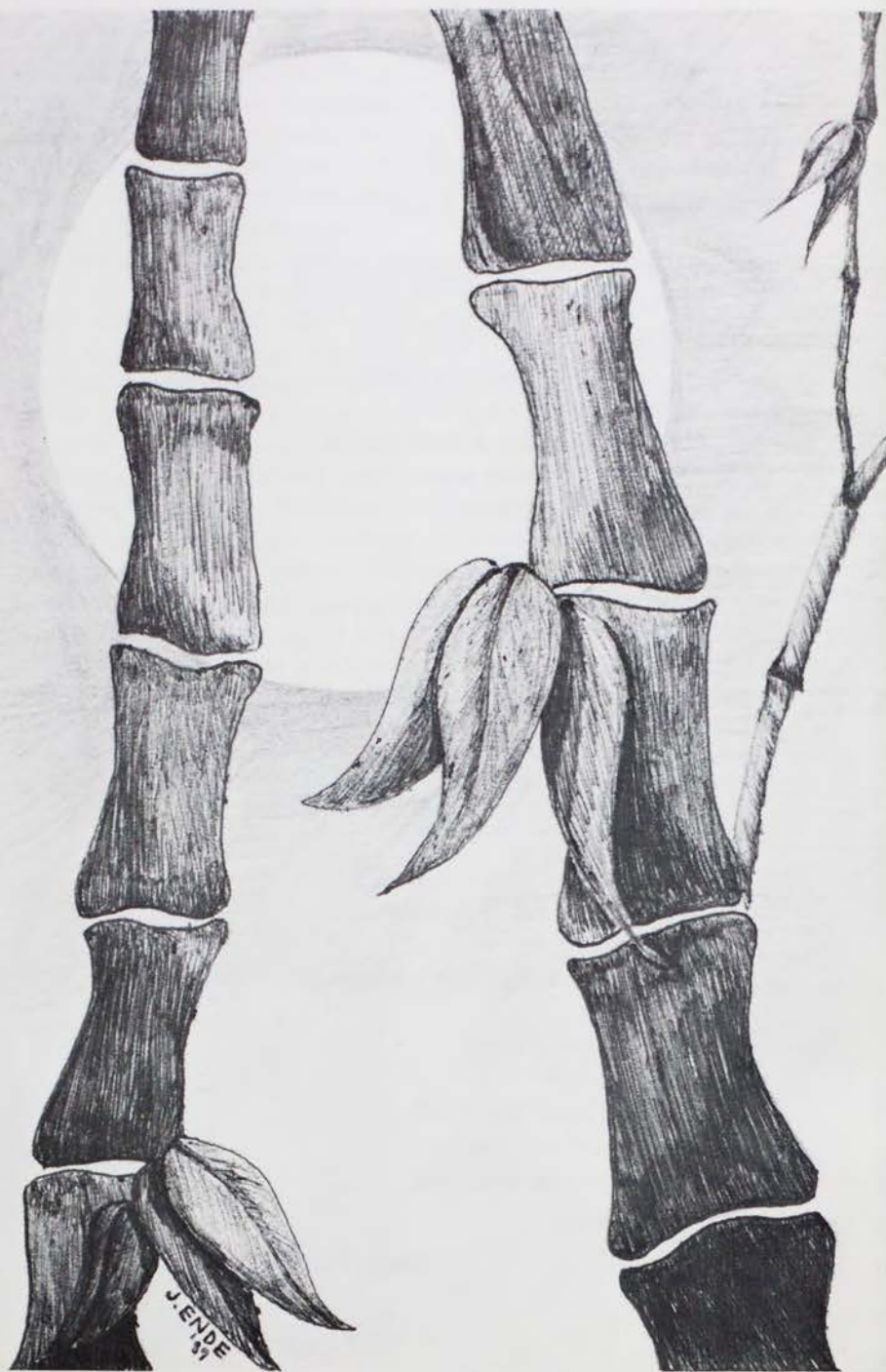
the woman who never loved

it is the storey of a miss who mixed
up her drinks
and faery tales and God
her celebrations were a rare time
mostly she lived in a hut
read questionably ancient books
paged with golden dust
and realized all storeys
were the same

1. if you ask me on this singing I will tell you
it is the breathing of that bird's heart
so clear and thin
the rare tone and touch of silken feathers in my mouth
times past have I felt faint flutterings of distance within
jangling rhythmic against this ivory cage of bars
oped mouth to pull forth a slight plume
2. I have moved in a little fever
and become lost in swamps
too many times
have words fallen from my mouth
as stones
upon frozen ground
times like hail
cold and dead into mud
landing without ripples
and I, severely apologize

Jeanne Poduska

竹やぶ
樹



REMNANTS ON THE BEACH

Toy soldiers
and hard-shelled crabs

set free

through the sockets of tanks,
rotting
underwater

gradually turning to green.

Linda C. Ehrlich

WIDOWER

When she'd been dead a year you
still slept on the right side of the bed
and sometimes flung your leg sideways
across a warmth not there, a void
sagging deeper into springs and reflex memory.

Another year, the thawing heart,
you sprawled, centered, on the mattress,
claimed both pillows for yourself.

Today, you tug threads of old beginnings,
rummage pockets of the uniform in which
you trudged through London, Prague, Brussels;
you leaf the brown book, study names
of lithe forms, perfect faces
living where you left them
in neighborhoods untainted in the mind.

That special one, her number is there,
squared in red pencil.

Loneliness knows no logic.
You dial.

David M. LaGuardia

THE WOUNDED

The ones who walk through the night,
sleeping by day.

Watching the half-moon shine on the water —
that moon who never answers,
except with shadows and spears.

Linda C. Ehrlich

ODE TO A QUARTER POUND OF HEAD CHEESE

How wonderful thy mighty slabs
Hewn from your solid, mottled mass.
How I will taste thee on my tongue
Paradise — I gaze at thee at last!

This glorious heavenly loaf
Of diverse parts I well can see;
Drawn am I to this luncheon meat
See how this cheese possesses me.

Oh, I praise thee my sordid hog;
Thy feet, thy head, thy tongue, thy heart!
In jellied heaven thou are wrapped
And purchased at the dairy mart.

Michael Cocchiarale

DOPPELGÄNGER

My neighbor got the bad news yesterday;
A year or two, with luck, the doctors say:
Civil war in the cells, duplicity
In the DNA. This, love's obverse,
Our genes betrayed, betrays our own.

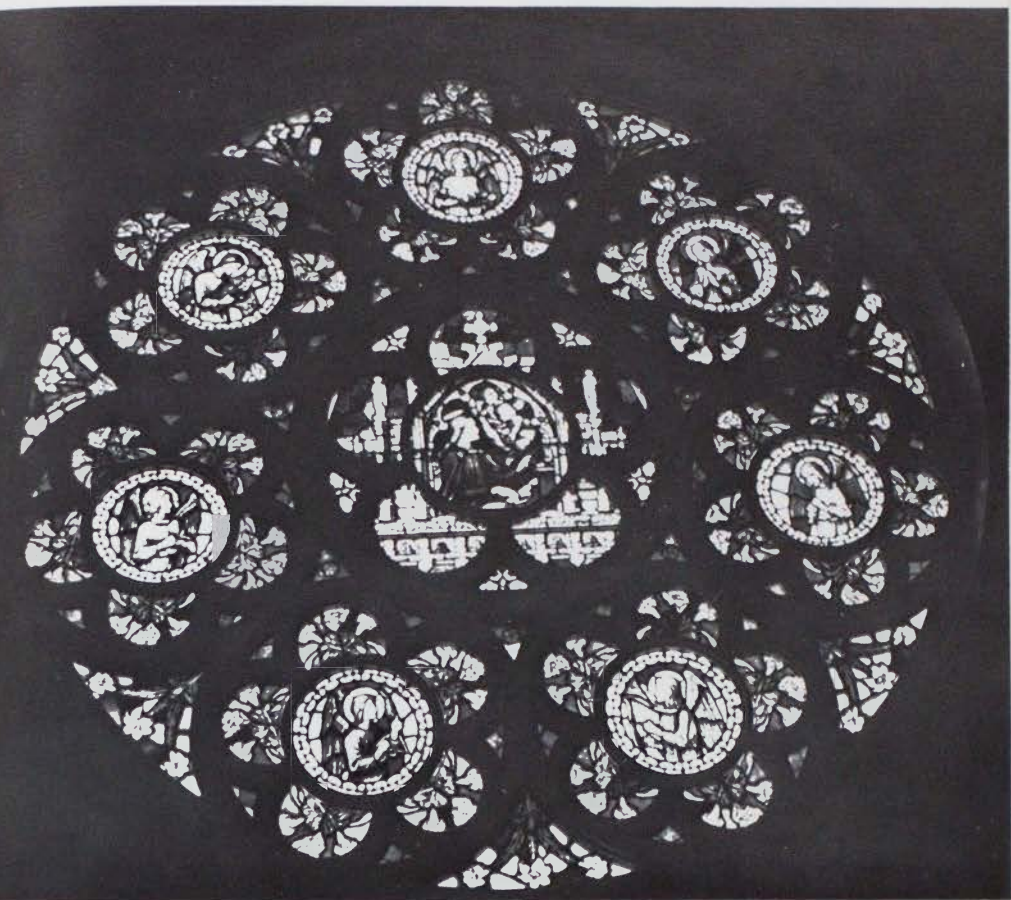
After a rain
Late last spring, working in the grey garden,
I pulled a clump of daisies with a weed —
I would have sworn they'd grown from the same seed,
Their leafage so alike — and tried to right
The flattened artemisia, seeding air
With cat hair like dandelion blows. There
Our shaded-silver Persian, camouflaged,
Watches birds nesting in the blackberry bush
Nearby. One day I pruned it back and left
The pile of dead canes there a week, until
The cat caught a mother bird. At the base
Of the pile I found the nest, her two eggs
Resting on a soft lining of grey fur.

Sally Joranko

IN THE SWING-RADIANT DARKNESS OF
YOUR DARK-FIRED TEXTS
(For Gerard Manley Hopkins)

If you, father, could now see
what your swing-radiant darkness has done
to me, instressed me God whom I cannot see,
lived me, dwelled me in the vortex-swirlings,
in the harlot glory of the reeling world —
her cosmic arms about me
but I, a radiant splinter,
because I ember, live you
in the diaphan dance
of your dark-fired texts.

James Magner, Jr.



WHITE LIGHTNING
(To Jimmy Page)

On a moonshine October night
A storm gathers in Public Hall;
Voices join in thunder,
Half-seen faces and hands
Cascade toward the empty stage,
And suddenly, lights:
The blues-man strides out,
Hurls an electric bolt,
And caresses his steel-gartered mistress
To an ecstasy of musical energy;
White lightning seethes his veins.
As each riff distills into the crowd,
Breathless, they reel with the binge
Of rock 'n' roll frenzy, reverberating
On fretted staccato rails;
And the Train Kept A-Rollin'
All night,
All night long.

George Kanieski

THE LAST . . . ABSOLUTELY THE LAST . . . OF THE RED HOT LOVERS

by
Helen Barna

Mary closed the bar. Nothing's been the same since. It was where they all went. That is to say, it was a stopping-off place before you went home and listened to the Godawful things that had happened that day and what the kids wanted or argued about, or what your wife wanted. And you tried to forget the sales meeting where everyone played oneupmanship, or that promotion that was hanging in limbo, or the contract which was shaky because maybe they didn't have the real money to back it.

So where can we go to tell the same old stories? . . . where those rickety bar stools, especially the one that was always lopsided? There's nothing between where her place was and twenty miles further out, unless you're one of those who'd rather go across the street from Mary's. Of course if you did, everyone would know why. Pickups. Classier, but pickups. OK if that's what you want. Point is that whole scene from Mary's . . . it was gone. Only powdery memories like blackboard erasures are left — especially this one. Because that's where I heard it.

It was where Harry went and that's how I got the whole story. Until then I had only gotten those splashed on canvas bits and I admit I wanted to know it all. So this is really Harry's story and the real star is Harry's buddy, Bernie, "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." I'll tell it just the way Harry told me after he called and I went down to the bar to meet him.

Harry said — and we were sitting right at this table at the time — "If you think you understand about love, that's exactly when you don't." Behind me one of those smart guys . . . a piano player who hasn't been around long enough to get hurt . . . was playing romantic music and some part of me felt like a plucked string.

The bar was circular with spindle railings of dark wood and beyond it were tables, those deliberately small, intimate tables with just enough room for a man to lean over and stare at a girl while she makes the choice of whether to reciprocate invitingly or else ignore with polite chill. Next to us a dark haired girl with uneven bangs and toothpaste teeth had forced her mouth into a permanent laugh which she presented to her escort as a sign of enamored interest. It didn't matter. His chatter was a monody and all he wanted was a listener. That was the problem — a roomful of people searching for listeners and I wondered what the percentage of adder ears was.

Harry said, "Bernie was telling me about the latest sweetheart of a girl he had met." They were always "a sweetheart." That was Bernie — the sweetheart man. He just couldn't help falling in love and Harry said he was a pill-popper lover. What was worse he kept marrying them — honor in a dishonorable world. Other people arranged discreet assignations, but that wasn't Bernie. Harry said, "I told him, 'Listen — you're traveling on a fast track but you're riding in one of those old streetcars.'" But Bernie just waved his hand and laughed. He was the best dressed and the gentlest knight I ever knew . . . and maybe . . . the only one.

Harry went over it again . . . the part about love. He said nobody understood it and never would. Who am I to say? I felt like DeMaupassant and what do I know? I wasn't too far behind him. There were days I didn't know enough to ask the questions and answers were nothing.

And Bernie? I wish I could say he was handsome or even good-looking. He was somewhere in between decent and handsomely unbeauteous. His mother had picked up a full suit of armor from someplace and had it displayed in the hall which led to the outsize main entertainment room. Bernie had given it the name "Roland" and sometimes he would wear the helmet. He'd keep Roland's visor down and speak through the breaths sounding hollow and challenging. But I liked the way he looked. Some people wear the personalities they are and he was one of them. And he was a grazer. He loved food, drink, people.

Harry and I first saw him at Mary's place. And Mary's was not just any place. She could get tough. She said sometimes people made her sore and she had to tell them off. Maybe she did. But I don't remember being there when it happened. It was mostly the wounds of the day that brought them there, and they were all kinds, a strange pastiche if you saw them. It was the desert oasis on the way to the palace, to all the streets that have connotations that make you think of good poetry and quiet times and what it's like just before you kiss someone you might care about. The streets had names like creekside with streamlets that were barely noticed, or rolling hills with no hills to speak of and meadowlark, where I looked around to see them and can't say I ever did.

But it was serenity and I guess that was what they were all looking for except that were always looking for it on the way home and had to make themselves brave first. So they stopped and sometimes they were a little sheepish and tense before the first drink. After that it seemed to be better. They were stronger — they could be knights or some screen lover, or whatever they thought it took. No one seemed to mind what the place looked like. They didn't see it. If you talked to them their eyes roamed over the walls, or the floor or the worn bar seats. Harry and I laughed at how funny it was, at what a far cry it was from the Club and English who waited on you with goodhumored charm and graciousness and where elegance oozed from the walls. But then Harry reminded me that Bernie

was persona non grata at the Club — Bernie and others — and after all that was why we had gotten sick of it, wasn't it? All that has changed now . . . but once it wasn't so.

One day Bernie was in his cups and he said if they go to Mars they're damned jackasses . . . "they'll blow the world up!" he said. Then he got a little maudlin and added that if it happens, poetry and religion will bring it back. "Who said that?" I asked. But he only shook his head, hunched over his drink and started to talk about "her." He said when he first saw her she was wearing what some blurby ad called "a furrier's masterpiece." That's always a reflection of the price to come, I told him. But then he said "sweet thing" (which was what he called her) was meant to be sculptured in fur. He grinned and said she was sculptured without it. His eyes glazed over and he stared straight ahead at the framed painting he was creating.

"I tell you when she walked along that circular stair at the Club . . . well . . . hell . . . you'd have to see a guy staring up at her to understand. You wouldn't believe how she looked wearing a slinky gown — the kind they wore in the thirties — it was black and it hugged her all around . . . and the white fur! The waiters were eyeing her . . ."

It can't last I told myself. After all Bernie had been married and divorced twice and they were nice girls. So what is nice? I asked myself. Well maybe they were likeable or pleasant? And I couldn't remember how many times he had fallen for girls — sometimes two or three at a time. I mean I am his best friend, besides Harry, and I had a hard time keeping them all straight. I don't know how he did it. I told him one day it was his libido — he was born with an overworked libido. "You ought to slow down," I told him. "It'll kill you." He gave me one of those fatuous grins. Then he said I'd make a great preacher. I got nasty then. I don't remember what I told him but I left him sitting over a drink.

It was early winter when his mother called me — a Clytemnestra who slapped her hand to her forehead and gave a performance of breast-beating which would have caused any fairminded critic to be at once repulsed and convulsed. "Thank God there's no ice on the street yet! My son, a businessman, can't even think for himself because he says he's in love. So who believes in love? Why can't he be like other men and marry because he's practical? Like getting a good woman and having children . . . you know . . . decent. But no! my son, the businessman, has to fall in LOVE! Can you imagine LOVE? (She had converted it into a disease.) "So who believes in that anymore I ask you? You've got to save him! He says he's going 'wooing!'" There were sounds in the background and I couldn't imagine Bernie needing to be saved, but I answered the distress call.

When I arrived at the house there was a crowd. And I'm a quiet person — I don't like crowds. I was backing away, getting ready to leave when I saw them — Harry and Bernie. And Bernie yelled, "Hey," you've got to

help me out!" He was standing there in front of all those people wearing only his shorts. I said to him, "You know . . . you just don't have any class." But Harry pulled me away while Bernie's mother harangued — a political diatribe against her son and life. Bernie had this look and he said, "We're going to see her!" I admit I'm not too far behind Bernie sometimes. OK, I thought, it's a little wild but . . . He ordered us to wait and went off saying something about being properly clothed, which under the circumstances, made sense. But I didn't think — even though Harry had this funny half-smile and when it hit me I heard the rattling, clinking sound and above everyone's head I saw him.

He stood — the full knight — wearing it all and in the back of my mind I ran over what I remembered from a long ago class — the helmet, the gorget, the pauldron, breastplate, rerebrace, couter, gauntlet, cuisse, poleyn, and greave and down to the sabaton, the shoes. He wore it all it with magnificence! He took Harry's arm and he took mine and we walked out through the double glassed doors over the lawn and down to the service end of garages. There were five of these and Bernie guided us into the one which housed mowers. Harry helped him straddle a 16 HP mower and started the motor, and Bernie, the consummate knight, at 3 a.m. with no cops around to stop him, rode out to 91 and turned right, and we behind him in case the damned fool would hit a culvert and we were laughing while he kept trying to make a half-turn in his helmet to yell wahoo and the whole thing was crazy as hell and we didn't care. I wanted Bernie to make that turn into the private drive and find his lady love because Bernie deserved it. If anyone had the right, he did, and if it meant climbing up the house wall, I hoped he was in shape to make it.

He rode all over the road and the mower roared like some prehistoric, barbarous and savage animal let loose on alien land and I was looking for lights to come on and some did as we passed. We picked up a cop car, but it was a friend of Bernie's and he joined our crusade as though it had fulfilled a hidden longing.

Bernie began to gun it as he turned into Sweet Thing's driveway which was as circular as the domain of any early French king, and by the time we reached the lower level of Sweet Thing's fortress right up against four tiers of sliding doors, I was holding my breath because he had edged along the full length of the pool with the delicate precision of a practiced warrior. I was so proud of Bernie I wished for the world to see his skill. I loved the guy for his audacity and when we got out of the car, I put my arm around the gorget and pulled his head a little and kissed him where the breaths were. Then — up on the second level where the French railing extended across the entire facade of the house, a bulking shadowy figure appeared giving shriek upon up-scale shriek.

I had hoped for a Juliet, but it was her mother. I forgot to say anything about Sweet Thing's mother. She was any man's nightmare of what a mother-in-law should not be — ample in every way, a monstrous woman who heaved in every direction as she moved, who knew not laughter nor jollity and preferred it that way. She cast darkness where she set foot and one could only wonder at the miracle of Sweet Thing and pray for a vulnerable Bernie. The timing called for directing some Shakespearean offerings — perhaps, "Something wicked this way comes," or "Thou crusty batch of nature." Surely, these would be apt?

But I have no courage for stabbing, and openmouthed we stared — Harry and I — as we listened to outraged cries, oracular proclamations, dire predictions. She was a Wagnerian offering of the horrendous and no sibyl of gifted means could have laid more fearful nor grisly future happenings upon our heads. But Bernie — ah Bernie, the knight supreme, the princely seeker, was undaunted. Bernie was obstinate. Bernie was perseverance. He was a phenomenon of obduracy. You can see why I thought Bernie was not merely compelling, but the kind of guy who, in an unshining world, was meant to be a luminary.

Bernie adopted a straightforward though weaving and slightly drunken approach. He said she either stop her screeching or she would never see her first grandchild. The lance struck with a fierceness and she fell into eighteen-ninety theatrics, but Bernie's riposte was what is called "succinct" in an upper level English course. He placed before her a couple of Anglo-Saxon words entirely expressive of what lies closest to earth and nature, creating and expelling. It added the necessary emphasis. Yeah . . . he made it. He had deep-rutted some of the lawn, but he had felled the enemy and we had the banner.

It was a great wedding, all posh and circumstance. Well maybe. Except for the kicker card Harry held back. He had bluffed and I hadn't caught him. You see, Sweet Thing had once been *his* girl. I haven't seen him for quite some time . . . wonder how he is. But Bernie is down in Bermuda part of the time and when he comes to town he calls me. He says, "This is Roland," and I would I like to come by for champagne and chanson. And every now and then some wandering supplicatory mendicant will ask about the last . . . absolutely the last . . . of the red hot lovers . . . and I shrug and say — well I don't know . . . who was he?



Elizabeth Crowley

november

it's a runny-nose night, & kids
exhale — pretending to smoke.
dogs bark out of boredom,
& the halo of lamplight won't leave
me alone;
and god is dead.

(trip into the light abraham . . .
what about this boss of yours?
i suppose you do what you're told.
i may not be hip to your sign language —
but i come in peace.
i'll exchange some knowledge for
my beatles albums.
just don't touch my kid.)

the lawrence welk people
inside the window, by the fire,
facsimiles of busy people —
mock my solitude,
& i walk on — head low,
hands dug in pockets;
and i feel dead.

Patrick Ferencz

THE BOVINE REVOLUTION

children know the importance of names
the high power of nouns
and so they read signs
as animals have
they would recognize a rogue cow
if said cow wandered down the street
calling other bovines
to face opposite the norm
the first call
of The Bovine Revolution in our time
a child can fit a name to an event
where we would scurry that cow back to stable
the news already spread by
a Paul Revere of cows

(A Digression of The Movement of Cows.
Note two famous bovines:

1. In the manger of a desert place
a rare home for a cow
2. A celebrated cow of Chicago
a mistress of deception and gentleness)

Other instances:

adults eat delicacies in number
due to taste and caloric rebellion
children eat raisin bread
it is bread to build confidence
it has an importance of self
raisins feed imagination

children know the colour of things
they live in crayola boxes
of pure waxen delight
an adult emotion experienced
in the odd joy of paint samples
when one is overwhelmed by
little apple tears

Test this noun:
bloodletting —
a circus attraction
medieval and country doctors with
their sidekicks
the leeches
or a gentle phrase to condone violence

Jeanne Poduska

Calder's Mobile

Five red arcs

with their shadow of
jade

as a question

balanced

in the bevelled air

Linda C. Ehrlich

NIGHT HARBOUR

Our words, suspended
over a sea of mirrors

like five long-tailed kites
floating in unison

against the flow of stars.

Linda C. Ehrlich

THE BLUE SKY

These are gifts:

a smile, a song, an open door,
familiar but surprising —

like paging through an old book,
long unread upon a shelf,
and coming unexpectedly upon a letter
received and cherished long ago
then preserved here, tucked between the leaves
(in a hurry, perhaps, secretly) —

bringing back those days
of longer springs and brighter falls
and snowmen and puppets
and bikes and kool-aid and paper dolls
where laughter and tears are easy and fleeting
and children's voices are all around
and skies are always blue.

James R. Pipik

contributors

Helen Barna: still cannot be explained in one line.

Alfred Cahen is a poet, playwright, painter, and person. He also teaches in the Continuing Education program of Western Reserve College.

Bernard Chapin only admits to writing if he believes it will annoy someone.

Michael Cocchiarale is a recent Carroll graduate waiting for a break.

Elizabeth Crowley, after spending a semester studying in Dublin, Ireland, will be graduating ("on time") this May, with a degree in political science — and she doesn't even like politics...

Matt McCurdy is a student at John Carroll.

Linda C. Ehrlich teaches in the Department of Classical and Modern Languages at JCU and is completing her dissertation through the University of Hawaii.

Julieann M. Ende is a senior majoring in English and minoring in biology. She is currently in the JCU Art Club and very interested in Asian studies.

Patrick Ferencz now works and does stuff like that.

James W. Garrett is married and has a young son. A graduate of Oberlin College, he teaches and coaches at University School.

Sally Joranko— Arrested as drunk and disorderly,
Joranko protested rhetorically:
 "It isn't that I
 was D.W.I. —
Just writing my pome for the *Quarterly*!"

George Kanieski — As Led Zeppelin put it: “Nobody’s fault but mine.”

Katherine King, a humanities major, is a co-founder and president of the JCU Art Club.

David M. LaGuardia is a professor of English at John Carroll.

Lorraine Macaskill, like Dawid Matys, is a native of South Africa.

James Magner, Jr. is a professor of English at John Carroll and is the author of numerous books of poetry. In 1981, Dr. Magner was named Ohio Poet of the Year.

James R. Pipik lives, writes, and draws in Euclid, Ohio. His future is unclear; ask again later.

Jeanne Poduska is a graduate of John Carroll University.

Jennifer A. Waters is that person who used to be named Jennifer Coatney, who used to be a red-head, who used to work in the bookstore, and so on, and so on...

